Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

ALL HAD SEEN GOLDEN IMAGES

Unqualified Row Started in a Negro Sunday School by an Ambitious New Teacher.

The daughter of a man prominent in Washington tells an amusing story of her recent experience in negro Sunday-school work.

She has taught a Sunday-school class for years, and, being used to colored servants, flattered herself that she understood the negro temperament. So, when a Washington friend who taught a class of negro children in the poorer quarter of the town was taken ill and obliged to miss her Sunday-school class, the young woman of experience blithely volunteered as substitute. The teacher looked doubtful, relates the New York Sun.

"They are awfully ignorant little darkies."

"Of course."

"And they don't always behave well."

"Now don't worry for a minute. I reckon I can manage a roomful of pickaninnies."

So the matter was arranged. Then the substitute teacher betook herself to earnest thought. She wanted to make a hit with the children, and she didn't intend to be tied down to any Biblical order of sequence. She would pick out a lesson wherever she could find one to suit the emergency.

The only problem was the choosing of the chapter that would prove most thrilling and appeal most strongly to the juvenile darky. The teacher-elect went at the question intelligently. What did negroes like most? she asked herself. She meditated a long time and went back over her experiences. Finally she decided that long names, gorgeousness and heat were as dear to the darky heart as anything in the world.

That fact being established, she ran a mental eye over the chapters of the Bible. At Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego she stopped in triumph. There was a subject ready to her hand—long names, pomp and circumstance, fiery furnaces and all.

She studied diligently, and on Sunday morning sallied forth full of enthusiasm. In a stuffy little room on a narrow alley she found 15 preternaturally solemn little darkies waiting for her arrival and looking a shade more solemn. The teacher felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought of the coming triumph. She had decided that since grandeur was beloved of the colored race she would preface the entry of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego by a vivid description of the magnificence and extravagance of the times. Then, having captured the attention of her pupils, she would go on to the men of imposing names and the fiery furnace.

Her reasoning was good, but her knowledge of pickanniny nature was defective. She began her description of the times. Rapt attention. Then, unfortunately, she was moved to talk of golden images and she asked a question.

"Did any of you ever see a golden image?" she asked.

Of course, she said to herself, no one could have seen a golden image, but the interrogative form chains childish attention. She reckoned without her audience. The question had hardly left her lips before a fat little darky on the front seat held up his hand and tumbled breathlessly into speech.

"Yes, lady; I done seen golden image, big as de doh."

The boy next to him gave him a vicious nudge.

"G'way, you niggah! I seen image biggah'n dis room," said the second boy.

They were off. Every child in the class had lived a life full of golden images. Each image mentioned was bigger than the last; each voice was louder than the last.

The teacher gasped and tried to still the tumult; but she was helpless against the storm she had raised. The air was full of golden images.

Golden images as big as the white house, as big as the capitol, rained upon her. Verbal contest led to brute force. The assertions of image seers were emphasized by hair pulling and slapping. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego never had a chance to show their heads. The class broke up in a row.

When she saw most of her pupils engaged in a free-for-all on the floor, amid a babel of image testimony, the teacher gathered up her belongings and fled. As she escaped through the door she heard a loud voice insisting:

"I seen a gold'n image big nuff tuh put the Washington monument in his pocket."

"You don't want to get a negro Sunday-school class too much interested right at the start," says the ambitious teacher, sadly.

Coconnut Loaf Cake.

Cream half a cupful of butter with two cupfuls of powdered sugar, and when very light add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and a cup of milk. Gradually stir in two cups of flour with which have been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a quarter of a tablespoonful of salt. Flavor the batter with the juice and grated rind of a lemon and beat in two cupfuls of grated cocoanut. Last of all fold in quickly and lightly the stiffened whites of the six eggs. Bake in two loaf tins in a steady oven until a straw run through the thickest part of the cake comes out clean. When the cakes are cold cover them with an icing flavored with a few drops of essence of bitter almond. While icing is damp strew thickly with grated cocoanut.—Boston Budget.

Expert Assistance.

"Jane," said he to his wife, "Mr. Mopus wrote me to-day in a way I don't like. I want to give him a talking to he'll remember while he lives. So you just dictate and I'll write."—Philadelphia Times.

Originality.

Bacon—Bill has some very original ideas; don't you think so?

Egbert—Yes; I understand he has an idea that he's funny.—Yonkers Statesman.

SYMPHONY IN BLUE AND GRAY.

GRAY skies hung o'er our land in '61, blue garbs below,
Where battle's tempests hurled men to and fro;
While sometimes on the ground lay garbs of gray,
The blue o'erhead in skies where sunbeams play;
But whether blue or gray arched overhead,
Or were on warring hosts below outspread,
They mingled where lay stilled in peace the dead.

Sometimes the gray crept o'er a dying face,
Sometimes the blue 'neath closed eyes left its trace,
And little cared the anguished wearers then
What garb hid hearts of torn and mangled men,
Who brave and dauntless, when they reached the brink
Of that dread tide from which the strongest shrink,
Quaffed deep Death's flagon from which all must drink.

And prospects then were sometimes Heaven's own blue,
Sometimes deep gray amid which shadows grew;
Blue in both flags, and bars of deepest red
Like streams which ran where thickest lay the dead;
Gray shadows fell on countless hearts and lives,
On orphaned children, patient, waiting wives,
And such strong grief as Hope's foundation rives.

And now both north and south 'mid peace to-day
There mingle once again the blue and gray—
Gray in the tattered flags, in beard and hair,
Blue in the skies, true eyes and new flags there;
While over all reigns glad and radiant peace,
The banner of the stars, hope's rich increase,
Fraternity no more to fail or cease.

God bless the hosts both north and south who now
Renew in brotherhood their patriot vow,
Who everywhere spread flowers above their dead
Without one word of hate or treason said;
One flag, one country, one true patriot way,
One band in love and loyalty are they;
God bless the boys in blue, the boys in gray.

I. EDGAR JONES.

The Remembered Grave.

I GUESS there won't be a great show of flowers on Sylvester's grave this year," said Sarah Cook. Her voice had a certain triumph in it, but it ended with a decorous sigh.

"I guess there won't, either," returned her sister, Mrs. Kemp. "I guess Phebe Ann is too sick to think much about it." Her voice sounded like Sarah's.

Lucy Kemp dropped her sewing for a minute, and turned her face toward the window. "It seems 'most too bad, don't it?" she said, meditatively. "When she's done so much every year, and thought so much about it."

"I don't know as I think it's too bad," said Mrs. Kemp. "Of course I'm sorry Phebe Ann is sick, but when it comes to these flowers she's always covered Sylvester's grave with, Decoration day, I guess there was a great deal of it for show. It would have seemed different if he had been in the war, but I've thought a good many times, when I've seen Sylvester's grave with more flowers on it than any of the soldiers, that Phebe Ann had a little eye to what folks would say, for all she felt so bad."

"I don't care anything about the show," said Sarah Cook, "but I do think such an outlay on flowers to put on a grave is wicked, when there's folks that's her own kith and kin in actual want. It's as much as 20 years since Sylvester Kemp died, and there ain't been a year that Phebe Ann ain't laid out dollars on flowers. I guess if we'd had the dollars right here, it would have been more to her credit!"

"Well, I ain't never complained nor begged," rejoined Mrs. Kemp. "Nobody can say I have, whatever happens. There's the rent money due, and that new dressmaker has come to town, and the work's falling off, and I don't know what's goin' to become of us, but I ain't complained nor begged."

"There's the band!" cried Lucy.

It was a very warm day for the season—almost as warm as midsummer. The windows were wide open. The two women and the girl leaned their heads out and listened. They could hear far-away music. Two little girls, with their hands full of flowers, ran past.

"They're just forming down at the town hall," said Lucy. "Annie Dole and Lottie are just going."

"They came over here for flowers this morning," said her mother, "and I told 'em I hadn't any to give. All I had was lilacs, besides that little early rose bush, and they'd got all the lilacs they wanted of their own, and there was only just three roses on that bush, and I could not bear to cut 'em. The procession ain't coming—the music don't sound a mite nearer. It won't be here for an hour yet."

The three seated themselves and fell to sewing again. The two older women swung out their long arms with stern persistency. Their faces were harsh and sad, and had a similarity of feature as well as expression. Lucy, the young girl, bent weakly over her work. The room was full of the faint band music and the perfume of lilacs. She wished in her heart that she could put on her best dress and go out with the other girls, but she said nothing. They sat in the kitchen. The floor was swept clean, and there was no fire in the polished cooking stove; it was early in the afternoon. Presently Lucy looked up. "Mother," said she, "cain't I stop sewing and run outdoors a minute?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Just outdoors a minute."

Lucy was 17, but she seemed like a child in her manner toward her mother.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Kemp.

"I s'pose the child gets dreadful tired sewing the whole time," she said to her sister, after Lucy had gone out. "Sometimes I feel kind of worried about her."

"She won't get tired sewing much longer, nor we, neither, if we don't have more work come in," retorted her sister, grimly. "We ain't got a mite ahead. We've got to go on the town, for all I see." She said "town" with a scornful fear, as if it were an enemy to whom she must surrender.

"I don't s'pose Phebe Ann's husband will lift his finger to help us, even if she should be taken away, and he left without a chick nor child in the world," said Mrs. Kemp.

Phebe Ann's husband was her own dead husband's brother, but she never spoke of him by his own name.

"I wonder how much Phebe Ann's husband has got?" said Sarah Cook.

"Well, I guess he's laid by a little something. They must have, with no family!"

"Mebbe he will do something, if it ever happens that he ain't under anybody else's thumb."

"It won't make any difference now. He's laid under the thumb so long that he's all flattened out of the shape he was made in. He used to bow kind of sideways behind Phebe Ann's back, when I met him, but he don't do that now. I met him face to face the other day, and he never looked at me. I don't know what poor Thomas would say if he was alive. I wonder what Lucy is picking lilacs for? Lucy!"

"What say?" Lucy's sweet, thin voice called back. Her smooth, fair head was half hidden in a great clump of lilac bushes by the gate. She was bending the branches over, and breaking off full purple clusters.

"What you picking those lilacs for?"

"I just thought I'd pick a few."

"What for? I ain't going to have any in the house! They're too sweet—they're sickish!"

"I ain't going to bring them into the house," said Lucy. She let a branch fly back, and went across the yard with a great bunch of lilacs in her hands.

"I wonder what she's up to?" said her mother.

Lucy returned just before the procession passed. The cemetery was a little way beyond the house. Her mother and aunt, and a neighbor who had come in, stood at the windows listening eagerly to the approaching music. Lucy joined them. The procession filed slowly past, the Grand Army men, the village band, the ministers and local dignitaries, and the rear guard of children with flowers. An accompanying crowd thronged the sidewalks.

"I've just been saying to Sarah that Phebe Ann won't have Sylvester's grave decked out much this year," said Mrs. Kemp. Her voice was pleasanter and more guarded than before.

"I heard Phebe Ann was pretty low," said the neighbor.

"Yes, I s'pose she is. I should have gone up there, but she ain't been inside this house for ten years, and I ain't going to push in where I ain't wanted. I hear she's got Mis' Baker with her, so she's taken care of. I couldn't help thinking this morning how much she'd always laid out on Sylvester's grave. Well, mebbe 'twas a comfort to her. I ain't never thought so much of anything of that kind, because my husband and all my folks are buried away from here, and I ain't had any chance to do anything about their graves. Ain't that Phebe Ann's husband now? That looks like his horse."

"Yes, 'tis," said Sarah Cook.

"I've a great mind to run to the door and inquire how she is!" cried the neighbor, excitedly.

"Why don't you?" said Mrs. Kemp.

The neighbor ran to the door and called out. She was a stout woman with a shrill voice.

"How is—Phebe—Ann?" she clamored.

The horse was pulled up, and an old man's face peered around the buggy wing. "How is Phebe Ann this afternoon?" the woman said again. Mrs. Kemp, Sarah Cook and Lucy were listening at her back.

"Sinking," replied the old man, in a hoarse voice. Then he drove on. The woman called something else after him, but he paid no attention. He had to pass the cemetery, which was now thronged with the living, in bright groups, standing among the flower-strewn graves of the dead. The music had ceased. A man's voice sounded out loudly in the hush. Phebe Ann's husband, John Kemp, leaned forward and shook the reins over his horse, then drove past rapidly. He kept his face turned away from the cemetery, and his forehead was scowling distressfully.

He had a half-mile to go before he reached home. He left the horse in the yard and went into the house on tiptoe, through the house to Phebe Ann's bedroom. As he peered in stealthily, the nurse, who was sitting beside the bed, looked up and put her finger to her lip. There was just a glimpse of a pale, sharp profile among the pillows. Phebe Ann was asleep on her journey to the grave.

Her husband went out, put up his horse, and sat down on the doorstep. He looked idly out over the fields. After awhile he heard the village band again. It sounded quite near. They were marching back from the cemetery. Suddenly the old man felt a hand on his shoulder. "She's waked up," the nurse whispered, "and she's terrible worked up about its being Decoration day. You'd better come in."

Phebe Ann's husband went softly behind the nurse to the bedroom. Phebe Ann looked up at him and beckoned imperatively. He went close and bent over her. "What is it, Phebe Ann?" said he.

"Is it—Decoration day?" she whispered, with difficulty, for she was growing very weak.

"Yes, 'tis, Phebe Ann," said her husband.

"Have you got—any flowers for—Sylvester's grave?"

"No, I ain't. I ain't thought of it, Phebe Ann, with your being so sick, and all."

"Go—get some!" she panted. Her motioning hand and her eager eyes spoke louder than her tongue.

"Yes, I will, I will, Phebe Ann! Don't you fret another mite about it."

The nurse followed him out of the room.

"I can't go to the greenhouse," he whispered, agitatedly. "It's five miles away."

"Land, get any kind of flowers!" said the nurse. "Get dandelions, and buttercups, if you can't find anything else."

The old man took his hat down with a bewildered air, and went slowly out of the yard. At the gate he paused and looked around. There were no flowers in the yard; there were several bushes, rose and phlox, but it was too early for them to blossom. Over at the left stretched a field, and that was waving with green and gold. Phebe Ann's husband went over into the field and began pulling the buttercups in great handfuls, and the grasses with them. He had all he could carry when he left the field, and went solemnly down the road.

Sylvester's grave was at the farther side of the cemetery. The old man, with his load of buttercups and grass, made his way to it. The soldiers' graves were decorated with flags and flowers, but the people had gone. The cemetery was very still. When John Kemp reached Sylvester's grave he started and stared. There was a great bunch of lilacs on the grave, and three charming, delicate pink roses in a vase.

"I wonder who put those flowers there!" he muttered. He laid the buttercups and grass down on the grave; then he stood still. It was over 20 years since the boy Sylvester had been laid there—a little soldier who had fought only his own pain. "I wonder who put those flowers there!" John Kemp muttered again.

He went out of the cemetery, but instead of turning down the road toward his own home, walked hesitatingly the other way toward the house of his sister-in-law—Thomas' wife, as he always spoke of her.

Lucy's face was at one open window, her Aunt Sarah Cook's at the other.

"Lucy!" called the old man, standing at the gate.

Lucy came out to him tremblingly. Sarah Cook ran to tell her sister; she thought Phebe Ann must be dead.

"Do you know who put those flowers there?" asked the old man, in a husky voice.

"I did," said Lucy. Her face flushed. "I thought there wouldn't be anybody to see to it, now Aunt Phebe Ann is sick," she explained, timidly.

Her uncle looked wistfully at her, his eyes full of tears. "Sylvester was a dreadful sufferer," he said.

Lucy did not know what to say. She looked up at him, and her soft face seemed to take on distressed lines like his.

The old man turned abruptly and went away. "Phebe Ann is sinking," he said, indistinctly, as he went.

Lucy's mother and her aunt rushed to the door to meet her. "Is Phebe Ann dead?" Sarah Cook called out.

"No, she ain't dead."

"What did he want to see you for?" asked Mrs. Kemp.

Lucy hesitated; a shamefaced look came over her face. "What did he want?" her mother asked, imperatively.

"He wanted to know who put some flowers on—Sylvester's grave."

"Did you?"

"Yes'm."

"What did you put on?"

"Some lilacs and—roses."

"You didn't pick those roses?"

"Oh, mother, the lilacs didn't seem quite enough! Aunt Phebe Ann has always done so much!" Lucy said. She was almost crying.

Her mother and her aunt looked at each other. "I shouldn't have thought you'd have picked those roses without saying anything about it," said her mother, but her voice was embarrassed rather than harsh. She went back to the kitchen and proceeded with her work of making biscuits for supper. The sewing was all finished. Lucy set the table. After supper they went out in the cemetery, and strolled about looking at the flowers, in the soft, low light. "Who brought all that mess of buttercups and grass, I wonder?" said Sarah Cook, as they stood over Sylvester's grave.

"I guess it must have been Phebe Ann's husband—it looks like a man," Mrs. Kemp replied. Lucy got down on her knees and straightened the buttercups into a bouquet.

"I wonder if she'll live the night out," said Sarah Cook, soberly.

"I've listened to hear the bell toll every morning this week," said Mrs. Kemp. "I don't believe she can live much longer. I'd go up there to-night, if I thought she wanted me to."

The next morning Mrs. Kemp, listening with her head thrust out of the window in the early sunlight, heard indeed the bell tolling for Phebe Ann. "She's gone," she told Sarah Cook and Lucy; and Lucy cried.

They all went to Phebe Ann's funeral and followed her to the grave. Mrs. Kemp's and Sarah Cook's eyes were red when they came home. "There were a great many good things about Phebe Ann, after all," Mrs. Kemp said.

"I always said there was," Sarah returned, defiantly.

The morning after the funeral John Kemp came to the door. Lucy answered his knock. He looked old and dejected, but he tried to smile. "I want to see you a minute," said he. "No, I can't come in—not this morning. I'm coming before long. I hope things will be different from what they have been. It was her wish. I went home that day and told Phebe Ann how you'd put the flowers there, and she beckoned to me to come and lean over her. Then she made out to tell me. She wanted you to have Sylvester's money that we put in the bank for him when he was born. It's been growing. We haven't spent any, excepting for flowers, and it's near $500. She wanted me to give it to you right away, and you're going to have it just as soon as I can get it out of the bank. Phebe Ann said you could have some more schooling, and not have to work so hard. And I guess you'll have more than that, too, some day, if you outlive me. Phebe Ann, she thought mebbe I could make some arrangements with your mother and aunt to come to our house and live, and take care of it. She said she didn't want any other women in there. She knew they were good housekeepers, and would keep things the way she did. You tell your mother I'm coming in to see her some time before long."

John Kemp went feebly down the walk, and Lucy returned to the kitchen. The door had been ajar, and her mother and Sarah Cook had heard every word. They were both crying. "Coming just now when we didn't know which way to turn!" sobbed Sarah Cook. "Poor Phebe Ann!"

"Well, there's one thing about it," said Mrs. Kemp, brokenly, "there sha'n't one Decoration day go by as long as I live, without Sylvester's grave being trimmed as handsome as if his mother was alive!"—Mary E. Wilkins, in Youth's Companion.

"DO YOU KNOW WHO PUT THOSE FLOWERS THERE?"

BLOSSOMS OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Beautiful Words of Paul Laurence Dunbar and Dr. Zimmerman—Its Wholesome Effect.

"Out of the blood of a conflict fraternal,
Out of the dust and the dimness of death,
Burst into blossoms of glory eternal
Flowers that sweeten the world with their breath.
Flowers of charity, peace and devotion
Bloom in the hearts that are empty of strife;
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean
Leaps into beauty and fullness of life."
—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

So sings the patriot who is of another race and color, in his "Lyrics of Lowly Life." But what better or loftier sentiment could be expressed by anyone than the one contained in these peace-lauding lines? The blossoms of Memorial day are indeed twofold. Dr. Zimmerman writes: "Let us as a nation strew flowers of love for all, and malice toward none, upon the graves of the fallen heroes. To this end I would gather flowers from the north and from the south, and, mingling them, I would form them into one large wreath and lay it reverently upon the graves of the blue and the gray. I would form the flowers into but one wreath as an emblem of unity, oneness of aim and purpose, the glory of God, and the honor of our flag and nation."

The present influence of Memorial day upon our young people is a blessed one. The worst of it is far out of sight for them. Better so. The flowers of peace, charity and devotion, "flowers that sweeten the world with their breath," bloom sweetly before them. The unforgotten heroism of years long past receives to-day its annual tribute. The very air is full of peacefulness and calm. The men who march with measured step along the smooth walks of the cemetery, habited in the simple, familiar uniform of the Grand Army of the Republic, are gray-haired, elderly men, fast growing old. They have drifted into, not the indifference, but the quiet, peace loving days that succeed the more ardent, turbulent years of middle life. The gratifying service of laying blossoms and garlands above the resting-places of fallen comrades becomes a dear and precious one. The season is full of hope. Bush and shrub and flowering plant have burst into inspiriting bloom. There is more than a mere hint of the unfading glories of a Lord of Immortal Peace and Unbroken Reunion in the sweet, vernal air. And the faces of the old soldiers show that these impressions are recognized and have taken hold, as they decorate and honor the flag-marked graves.

From the very first, the services of Memorial day have been valuable and of wholesome effect. They have tended toward sincere expression of gratitude, appreciation and brotherly remembrance. Out from each remembered conflict of earth may the kind All-Father bring

"Flowers of charity, peace and devotion . . .
Love that is boundless and broad as the ocean."
—Christian Work.

TALK OF THE TARIFF.

Indications of a Revolt Against Protection Are Growing More Plentiful.

Representative Babcock, who introduced a bill in the last congress providing for the reduction and even the removal of certain tariff duties, reports that his policy is favored by many manufacturers. However, there is one argument which he uses, and which others have used in favor of lower duties, that may be used by those who oppose a more liberal trade policy. We refer to the fact that our manufacturers in many cases sell more cheaply to foreigners than they do to the people at home. That this is unfair, and especially so from the protectionist point of view, cannot, of course, be denied. The American people have taxed themselves for years to build up and maintain certain industries on the express understanding that ultimately they would be able to buy the products of those industries at a much lower price than would otherwise have been possible, and, therefore, it seems most unjust for these protected producers to charge those who have protected them more than they charge those against whom they have been protected. We have, at their request, given them practical control of the home market, and now we find them discriminating against that market.

But in spite of all this it has already been suggested that the people ought to be willing to pay higher prices than foreigners pay, because by so doing they help our manufacturers to capture foreign markets. This matter has been made very clear by foreign writers. Only the other day an English authority warned the people of England that the competition of American trusts would be increasingly formidable as the years passed. He argued that the monopolistic production in the United States was of the most economic kind, and that it was further helped by the tariff, which enabled them to make a great deal of money in the home market. His theory was that they made so much at home, behind the shelter of the tariff wall, that they could afford to sell in foreign markets at cost, or even below it. Thus the effect of a protective tariff, in a trust-controlled market, may be to stimulate exports by increasing the power of our exporters to compete in foreign markets.

We have no doubt that this argument will be pushed vigorously by those who are interested in keeping up tariff duties. It will be said that it is as important to develop trade as it was to establish industries, and that the former is as much a public object as the latter. Our favorable balance of trade will be dwelt on with the utmost impressiveness, and it will be attributed to the fact that our people are willing to pay "a little more" for their goods than they would have to pay without the tariff, thus making it possible for our manufacturers to beat the foreigner even in his own market. It will be pointed out that every dollar's worth of goods sent out of the country means the employment of just so much more labor. And we shall be reproachfully asked whether, for the sake of saving a little money, we are willing to shut up American factories, or seriously curtail their operations, and throw American workingmen out of employment. It will not be easy for the converted protectionists to meet such arguments. But the revolt against protectionism is bound to come. Every trust that is organized in a protected industry will be an argument in favor of greater commercial freedom. And every evidence of fear of American competition abroad will strengthen the American people in their conviction that protection is no longer needed.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

BUT WHAT OF TEDDY?

The Hanna Candidacy Boom Seems to Conflict with a Certain Understanding.

It is eminently natural that Mr. Perry Heath's interview, booming Senator Hanna for the presidential nomination in 1904, should greatly tickle Senator Hanna. There is probably but one other development in the political line which would tickle Mark more—and that would be his nomination, with the trusts solidly arrayed to bring about his election.

For you must keep in mind the fact that no American really makes a joke of the chance of the presidential nomination if other Americans are inclined to seriously consider him as a desirable candidate.

Perry Heath is not the only republican to urge the nomination of Senator Hanna. Senator Scott, a member of the republican national executive committee, has but recently made the same suggestion, and these two "booms" for Hanna have led to a suspicion that the republican national committee would like to see Hanna nominated.

But isn't all this mighty rough on Teddy Roosevelt? It was understood when Teddy graciously consented to accept the vice presidential nomination that he was the accepted republican heir apparent to the presidential nomination in 1904. And now comes all this talk of Mark Hanna, between whom and Teddy there is not much love, for the place which Teddy so strenuously covets. Col. Roosevelt climbed San Juan hill in his deliberate march on the white house. Will he now find the burly Hanna a more insurmountable obstruction?—St. Louis Republic.

——Mutterings of the forthcoming tariff war in congress are already heard in Washington. The growls of protest over the proposed reduction in the tariff duties on Cuban sugar will develop into a roar all along the line, unless present signs fail. The beet sugar interests of the west and the cane sugar interests of the south are organizing for action, and they hope to enlist all other protected industries in their cause. It is easy to believe that with a liberal Cuban tariff as a starter the cause of reciprocity and fair trade is likely to gain a tremendous momentum in the next congress unless it is checked at the start.—Minneapolis Times.

——Billy Mason informs an anxious public that he is willing to do six years more of blushing at the old salary and perquisites.—Omaha World-Herald.

PREPARING TO [illegible]

Certain Protected Interests in This Country Getting Ready to Do Business.

When Senator Platt talks about what is "morally incumbent" on the United States in the case of Cuba he is deceiving no one, not even himself. If the Cubans accept his amendment it will not be because they believe such a yielding will procure them any favors here. It will be simply and solely because they are convinced that the surrender is unavoidable. The mere command of a power like this is equivalent to the use of force, and even the independents grasp at the amendment now to avoid the alternative of annexation.

Prospective reciprocity may seem to be a factor in the matter, but if a resolution of congress can be construed out of its plain meaning what do vague assurances of friendliness on the part of a single senator amount to? Should the Cubans pretend to take them seriously it would only be for the somewhat sterile satisfaction of piling up the "morals" to make them artistically complete. They would know as well as any American politician that the practical side of the question was left untouched. Its import, however, is not a mystery. It was quite apparent when the National Cigar Leaf association decided to lobby against any concession whatever to Cuba.

The undeniable fact is that certain interests in this country propose to milk Cuba. If we control the island under the Platt amendmenet they will oppose reciprocity. If we annex the island they will oppose free trade. They have no thought of uniform laws, and if they believed that annexation would bring them about they would throng the corridors of the capitol to prevent any such consummation. The kind of annexation which they might favor would leave Cuba outside the constitution and under unequal laws made in Washington. This would be an ideal condition from their standpoint and particularly advantageous for the milking process.

It is evident, therefore, why the Cuban radicals prefer the amendment to annexation, whatever they may think of the chances of reciprocity. The developments incline them to keep as clear as possible from the dictation of the hostile interests here.

The people of the United States would honor our pledges to Cuba, but trade interests have no bowels.—Chicago Record-Herald (Rep.).

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECHES.

Outcroppings of a Tendency to Lay Aside the Old Chinese Wall of Duties Idea.

The character of the president's speeches has been a surprise even to his party friends. With no elections in sight, and with the next session of congress more than six months off, it was supposed that Mr. McKinley's responses to the greetings en route would be made up of that pleasant oratorical compound known as "taffy." Instead of this, the president has not only reaffirmed his adherence to "expansion," which he has good reason to know is popular at the south, but has boldly hinted at a progressive economic and commercial policy.

It was announced before the president's departure from Washington that "during his trip he would be regularly informed of the progress of the plans for local revenues in Porto Rico, and the moment the expenses of the island are met by its local revenues the proclamation of free trade between Porto Rico and the United States will issue, wherever the president may be, though of course it will be dated from Washington." This action will offend the tobacco and sugar growers of this country, who have protested that "free trade" with our new possessions will spell ruin to them. But the president forestalled this complaint in his Memphis speech in saying that "maxims are not as profitable as markets," and by admonishing his hearers that we must "solve the problems that confront us untrammeled by the past."

Some of the old republican maxims about the beauties of a one-sided trade behind a Chinese wall of duties, once expressed in the question of a spread-eagle western senator: "What is abroad to us?" have been smashed by the logic of trade events of the last four years. We have an enormous foreign trade and are reaching for more.

Mr. McKinley perceives this, and evidently purposes to shape the policy of his second term without being too much "trammeled by the past."

There is no better politician in the country than William McKinley; and what he hears "with his ear to the ground" is quite likely to come to pass.—N. Y. World.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

——Hanna's declaration that "there are no trusts" was a "good-enough Morgan till after election," but it sounds a little odd now.—N. Y. World.

——Quay's declaration that he intends to quit politics "for good" is wholly superfluous. He couldn't quit politics for anything else.—Chicago Record-Herald (Ind. Rep.).

——President McKinley received a hospitable welcome in the south, but that doesn't mean that the next republican candidate for president will receive the southern vote.—St. Louis Republic.

——The administration is about to order its diplomatic and army officials to stop talking. If Mark Hanna really wants Perry Heath to stop talking about 1904, why doesn't he get him another office?—Albany Argus.

——Northern republicans who have invested in the great McLaurin southern white republican scheme will discover very soon that they have been caught by one of the brassiest "gold bricks" that was ever put on the market.—Atlanta Journal.

——No wonder Mr. Babcock has deemed the time ripe for sounding a note of warning against our tariff-for-trusts-only. This anti-trust-tariff advocate may be lonesome in the republican organization—now simply the political annex to the trusts—but the honesty and intelligence of the country is with him, regardless of party.—Wheeling Register.